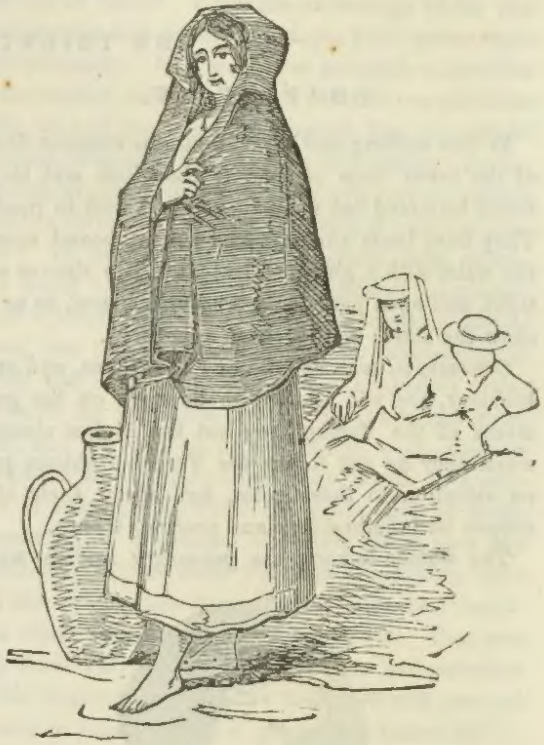
were very short, and the robe was fastened on the shoulders with large diamond clasps. Her hair was dressed in large puffs and plaits, interspersed with splendid diamonds and pearls; her ear-rings and *girandoles* were quite magnificent.

In another part of this work we read of the following coiffure worn by an old Portuguese lady: "Elle avait ses cheveux blancs relevés sur le bout de sa tête avec un ruban, comme on le voit encore dans quelques tableaux." And, in a note, we find: "Il y a encore beaucoup de Portugaises de haut rang qui restent ainsi coiffées chez elles. Dès qu'elles sortent, elles se mettent à la Française; mais, par exemple, dans l'intérieur des provinces, j'en ai vu qui ne portent jamais d'autre coiffeur."

The costume of *les dames du Palais* is thus described: "C'était la plus étrange mascarade qu'on puisse imaginer de faire revêtir à des femmes Chrétiennes. C'était une jupe de taffetas bien fort, bien épais, d'une couleur bleu foncé, avec une large broderie en or au bas, et puis ensuite une queue, une robe, je ne sais quel morceau d'étoffe d'un rouge éclatant qui leur pendait en manière de traine derrière elles. Les plus âgées, comme le camarierâmôr, portaient un petit toquet, une façon de bonnet assez serré à la tête (c'étaient, je crois, les veuves) et sur ce bonnet était une fleur gros bleu, comme la jupe."

Speaking of the ancient dress of Spain and Portugal, Appian says: "We know that the Hispanians and Lusitanians wore the *saie*, fastened with a buckle or brooch; but we are ignorant of its form, and no remains of antiquity have yet been found to explain it." Strabo, too, mentions this garment being in use with the Lusitanians. He also says, "That the Moors wore their hair *frizzed* and curled, and that they combed their beards."

When Isabella, of Portugal, went to France to marry the Duke of Burgundy, she wore a tabard, or stomacher of ermine, a robe of splendid embroidery, tight sleeves, a cloak reaching to the ground behind, but so narrow that it only fell over the shoulders, and a curious head-dress of white muslin. She had no ornaments of any kind.



THE CAMPBELLS AND THE CLIFTONS.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

BY MISS META M. DUNCAN.

"My dear Mary, I wish I could induce you to send Elinor to Madame Foulard. My Emily is so much improved that I have reason, daily, to congratulate myself upon having placed her with her as a permanent boarder. This sending girls to day-schools, depend upon it, is a bad plan; their minds are distracted from their studies by what they see and hear at home; their lessons are never half learned, and their accomplishments are never thoroughly grounded. At Madame Foulard's they speak nothing but French. Emily is obliged to be up at six every morning to practice her music—an effort I was never able to induce her to make; and throughout the whole day she is never from under the eye of one or the other of her teachers. I believe there is not an establishment in the Union where girls are more completely finished."

"Madame Foulard has a high reputation, I know Louisa; and if my ideas of education entirely coincided with yours, I should, no doubt, send Elinor to her; but the point upon which you lay most stress is the very one upon which I wholly dissent from you. What is to become of the home influence, that most important part of education, if we send our daughters away to live?"

"Why, my dear Mary, the girls whose parents live in town spend all their Sundays at home. So far from weaning them from home, I think it teaches them to like it better. Emily never was so docile and affectionate as she is now, when I have her for only a day and a half in the week instead of the whole seven. You have no idea how glad she is to see us when Saturday comes."

"You misapprehend me, Louisa," said her sister-

of kindness or sympathy appeared in the letter. Checked, but not disheartened, he proceeded immediately to obey his uncle's commands, and, dividing with Mrs. Clifton the sum of money which he had received, he tore himself from that dear friend, whispering, in a choking voice as he left her, a promise that they should, at no distant day, be again united in a home of their own, which it should be his pride to create.

(To be continued.)

THE PIONEER MOTHERS OF MICHIGAN.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

MARY ANN RUMSEY.*

The first settlement of Detroit dates so far back as to be among the antiquities of our new country; but it was at a much later day that the lands in Michigan came into market. The perils and privations incident to the occupation of these lands by the pioneer settlers were not, indeed, so terrible or so romantic as those encountered at an earlier period, when the adventurous few who penetrated the wilderness were exposed to the fury of a savage foe, whose assaults were far more to be dreaded than those of the wild beasts of the forest. Yet the later pioneers, if they had not to dispute the possession of the soil at the risk of their lives, had their trials and sufferings—their dangers, too—not the less difficult to endure because the narration is rather amusing than thrilling. They had also to struggle with that feeling of isolation and loneliness which presses heavily on those who have severed all the endearing ties of home, where cluster those fond attachments only formed in youth. Many a sad hour was passed in remembrance and regret by the young wife, in the absence of her husband, when she had no sympathizing friend in whose bosom she could pour her griefs. Little given to repining as she might be, faithful to her duties, and disposed to make the best of everything, still thoughts of the loved ones from whom she had parted for life would weigh on her spirits and fill her eyes with tears, brushed hastily away while she busied herself about her household employments. A touching instance of the heart's yearning for companionship occurs to memory, mentioned by one of the female pioneers, who had been three weeks in her new home without having seen the face of another woman. "One Sunday," she said, "I told my husband that beyond the thick wood, just in the rear of our dwelling, I could see from the upper window another log-house. I wanted him to go there with me; we went, and, as we approached, I saw the woman come out, appearing to be busy about something at the back door. *That was enough;* I did not care to go any farther; we went home, I had seen her, and that satisfied me."

Ann Arbor is the county seat of Washtenaw county. The Indian name, *Washtenong*, signifies "grand" or "beautiful," and Grand River takes its name from the same word. It was called "Arbor," on account of the noble aspect of the original site of the village—which was a burr oak opening, resembling an arbor laid out and cultivated by the hand of taste. For the prefix of "Ann," it was indebted, according to undeniable tradition, to two prominent women whose husbands were the first purchasers and settlers in the vicinity. Some have maintained that the place owed its entire name to them, from the fact that they lived, until houses could be built, in a kind of rude arbor made by poles covered with boughs. However that may be, it is certain that John Allen and Walker Rumsey gave the name to the new settlement, afterwards confirmed by State authority, and ever since retained. Their first garden was the ground now occupied as the public square; and here Allen, who had considerable skill in these matters, planted and raised a fine stock of vegetables, enabling them to supply the neighbors whom their persuasions had induced to join their little community. The two leaders above mentioned came in February, 1824—Rumsey being accompanied by his wife. This couple emigrated from some part of the State of New York, which has furnished so many enterprising families among the inhabitants of Michigan. Some of the New England stock, who were a little proud of their land of the pilgrims, were accustomed to say they "had *stopped* some years in the State of New York on their way to the West."

The arbor, or tent, which formed the first shelter for this little party, and served them as such for two weeks, was made of their sleigh-box, with a rag carpet spread over boughs of trees, which were, of course, denuded of leaves; for there grew not an evergreen within miles, except a few cedars on a hill some two miles from the locality. They had brought with them a few barrels of provisions; and as there were no regular roads all the way to Detroit, and the traveling was tedious and difficult, they lost no time in making a treaty with the roving Indians, who agreed to furnish them with regular supplies of corn and venison. On this they subsisted, while they

* The above sketch was prepared for Mrs. Ellet by a highly intelligent and accomplished lady—Miss Mary H. Clark—who is the principal of a flourishing school for young ladies at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

in-law, gently; "I do not mean that girls are weaned in affection from their parents and relatives by the system which you advocate. Education does not consist entirely in filling the mind with acquirements and accomplishments. You may successfully instruct a young woman in the languages, music, drawing, and various other useful and ornamental arts, and yet leave the most important part of her education unattended to."

"Oh! I know what your thoughts are running upon, Mary. You think Emily will never know how to make a pie or a pudding."

"Not altogether," replied Mrs. John Campbell, smiling; "though, I confess, I think it an important object to an American woman to know how pies and puddings should be made. I mean by home influence, the direction of the mind, the forming of the principles, and the cultivation of the heart—the hourly precept and the daily example which a parent, and none but a parent, can give. I am satisfied that the ethics which my boys learn every day from their father's lips, as they sit round his table, and the sentiments which my daughter receives from me in our daily intercourse, will influence them more through life than all the theoretical treatises they could study by means of books; and, though I do not undervalue accomplishments, and all the lighter embellishments and graces of modern education, I do not think them of the *first* importance. I wish my daughter to be well informed and accomplished, and I believe she will be both; but her moral training is my first object.'

"Certainly, my dear Mary. So every correct mother must think. Good principles are all important. Madame Foulard has the highest reputation for all that sort of thing, I assure you. Emily, you know, went to Mrs. Osborne's school formerly, and I have the best opportunity of judging of them both. I think Madame Foulard a great deal more particular and severe than Mrs. Osborne, though you seem to think Mrs. Osborne so superior to her."

"I have never made any comparisons between them, Louisa. Indeed, I could not do so, as I know but little of Madame Foulard. Mrs. Osborne I approve, for various reasons besides her moral worth and accomplishments. She is our countrywoman; she was brought up a gentlewoman, and has experienced great vicissitudes; she is, therefore, better qualified to appreciate the requirements of an American girl, and to educate her for a useful as well as an ornamental life. I am perfectly satisfied to let Nora continue with her as a daily pupil."

"As for usefulness, and all that sort of thing, Mary, you know I never trouble myself about it. The position our girls will occupy makes it unnecessary for them to do anything for themselves. They will always have money enough to pay others for being useful."

"We do not know that, Louisa. There is no country in the world where fortunes are so easily won and lost as in ours; and remember that our husbands are still in business. Admitting, however, that no reverses befall us, our fortunes are eventually to be divided into many portions among our children. Our daughters will marry one day, and men of worth are not always men of fortune. If our girls should marry men of moderate means, the necessity for usefulness immediately arises. My sense of our obligation to cultivate our usefulness extends very far. I think no situation in life can warrant an American woman in neglecting to attend to even the minutest details of domestic affairs; for the reason that, no matter how wealthy she may be, if she wishes her husband to be surrounded by comforts, if she wishes his house to be a well-regulated cheerful home, she must attend to it herself. Our servants are uninstructed, therefore they are to be taught; they are frequently careless and wasteful, consequently they must be looked after; and, as no household can be a happy one in which order, neatness, economy, and proper discipline do not prevail, how necessary is it that she upon whom must devolve all these duties should enter upon them instructed, and able to contend with the difficulties before her? Wide as my experience has been, I have never known a well-regulated family in which the nice details of housekeeping could be left entirely to servants; yet I have seen numberless young ladies who, according to a mistaken method of education, have entered upon their duties as wives with the ignorance and helplessness of children. Some, with good sense, commence at that late period their domestic education; others, unable to see clearly their duty, or to break through the trammels of early training, drag through an existence of discomfort, a burthen to themselves, a clog to their husbands, and an evil example to their children, never happy themselves, and never the cause of happiness in others."

"My dear Mary, you look upon everything in such a desperately serious light! Look at me! I have never known anything about housekeeping. I have always left everything to Nanny Foster; yet we get along as well as other people."

"A faithful and devoted servant, like Nanny Foster, is a very rare thing in our country, Louisa;" and Mrs. John Campbell sighed as she thought on the extravagance, waste, and misrule of her brother-in-law's household, even with the aid of old Nanny, who, with the self-devotion which we sometimes see in the lowly and uneducated, had, in the course of years, suffered herself to become the responsible person in her employer's household—quarreling, scolding, and being scolded, till habit had become second nature.

"Mrs. Clifton thinks very highly of Madame Foulard, Mary. She always recommends her to Edward's Southern friends who wish to send their children to the North to be educated. She has been the means of sending several scholars to her."

Mrs. Frederic Campbell, like most weak people, though obstinate in her own views, was always anxious to have her opinions backed by some one of acknowledged weight and judgment.

"I am glad to hear that the lady with whom you have placed Emily is approved of by so judicious a person as Mrs. Clifton, Louisa; and I must beg you to dismiss from your mind the idea that I have any prejudice against Madame Foulard, or, indeed, against boarding-schools generally. Were I living in a remote situation, where schools were not available, I should send my daughter to one, no doubt; though, even then, I should take care not to let her remain away long enough to break up her domestic habits; and, when she was with me, I should make redoubled exertions to teach her to be a good housekeeper, and a thrifty practical woman."

"I should really like to know for once, Mary, what you consider necessary for a lady to know about these sort of things."

"I am afraid your patience would be exhausted, Louisa," said Mrs. John Campbell, laughing, "were I to enter into a detail of all the qualifications I think necessary for a being who may, one day, have the welfare and happiness of husband, children, and servants depending upon her exertions. I will, however, give you a rapid sketch of what I intend my daughter shall be taught. In the first place, if she is ever to have a house of her own—which I hope she may—she must know how to keep it; and, to do so properly, she must learn, by her own experience, how it should be done. I shall teach her early to exercise her judgment, and to understand the value of money, by sending her to make purchases for me for domestic purposes. To give her a knowledge of household requirements, of proper economy, and methodical arrangement, she shall aid me in keeping my house accounts. She must know enough of the details of household work to be able to plan for, and direct, her servants. She must know mutton from veal when she sees it uncooked, and must not faint at the sight of a raw calf's head, as I have heard young ladies *talk* of doing. She must be able, with a cookery book in her hand, to explain to a cook how she wishes any dish prepared; and it is my wish that she should learn to make pastry and bread with her own hands."

"Pastry and bread! What! Nora, who takes harp lessons, and has the most beautiful little hands in the world? Why her hands will be ruined!"

"Nora takes harp lessons because she has a talent for music; and, though I wish her to learn to make pastry and bread, I do not intend she shall do it habitually. I wish her to know practically all the most important branches of housekeeping, that she may teach others, and, if the necessity should arise, be able to perform them herself. Young as she is, I already take her into the kitchen with me during the preserving and pickling season, and teach her that delicate branch of cookery—so delicate, indeed, that few ladies are blest with servants to whom they can trust it. Her fingers become a little stained, to be sure, but a few days wears it off; and, though as weak as most mothers where pride in their children is concerned, I should think myself highly culpable if I suffered any such paltry vanity to interfere where my judgment tells me I am right. I think it necessary that girls should be taught sewing. All American women are obliged to do more or less of it; therefore, I have already commenced having Nora taught to sew. She will never probably have to make a shirt, but I intend she shall know how one is put together."

"And how will you find time to give your daughter two separate educations?"

"I do not intend to make them separate. I do not think a thorough domestic education inconsistent with the highest degree of refinement, or incompatible with the widest range of mental cultivation. By beginning early, you can make household employments a pleasure to a little girl. She will learn insensibly, and as a recreation under a mother's eye, and, as her assistant, all that it is necessary she should know. For the sewing, during a part of the year, I appropriate half of the time allotted to dancing. Dancing, as a healthful, refining, and innocent amusement, I approve of highly; but, as it is an art which children learn almost instinctively, I steal the time from it rather than from that devoted to more solid studies."

"And you think that all this can be done without impairing the refinement of a lady?"

"Certainly, I do. Refinement is a quality of the mind which, properly understood, dignifies and elevates whatever it is just and right that we should do, and which no conscientious discharge of duties can impair."

"How is it with Nora, Mary? Do you find her an apt scholar in all these matters? I have seen so little of her recently, that the child is quite a stranger to me. I thought her changed when I was at Clover Hill in the Fall. She appears to have lost her wild spirits and independent habits. I used to think her a terrible little pickle, with her fearless daring and boyish pursuits."

"You are right, Louisa. Nora is greatly changed since our calamity," replied Mrs. John, her lip quivering, and her eye glancing down upon her black dress. "I often mourn over the loss of those wild and frolicsome spirits, when I think of the cause which banished them. But it has brought my daughter nearer to me, and made her an inappreciable treasure. I have her full sympathy in every thing I undertake relative to her education, and I find her a most docile pupil."

"You are fortunate, Mary. My experience has shown me that it is easier to talk about education than to carry it out. Children in our day have wills of their own; and I find parents oftener submitting to be overruled than gaining their point."

"Your remark is but too true, Louisa; but let not parents lay the blame upon the young and ductile whom it is their duty to bend and train. It is not so much strength of will in the young as you assert, but a deficiency of that quality in parents, arising from an overweening and mistaken tenderness for their children, which is doing so much injury to the present generation. That part of the duty of parents which consists in checking, curbing, and restraining their children, is but rarely exercised now; indulgence is carried to an unwise extent. We ourselves can remember how crude were our ideas, how limited our experience, and how undeveloped our judgment, even when we were ushered into the world as grown women, to act in a measure for ourselves—how mentally we groped in the dark upon a thousand subjects which, at our age, it was impossible for us to form correct opinions upon. Ought children, then, to be trusted to act and decide for themselves on points which may affect their whole future welfare, as we often see them permitted to do? I think not, certainly; and every parent should beware of that most painful result of a blind course of indulgence, the sitting in judgment of their children upon their conduct when time and experience have taught them to feel its disastrous effects. The story of the young man who, on the gallows, reproached his mother with his fate, because she did not punish him for his first petty theft, is a homely, though a wholesome lesson to all parents."

Frederic and John Campbell were brothers, wealthy and enterprising merchants of Philadelphia. They were partners in business, and affectionately attached to each other, which caused a close intimacy to exist between their families. The foregoing conversation occurred between the wives of these two gentlemen. The intercourse between the sisters-in-law was marked by a greater degree of amicability than is usual in that relation, considering the great opposition of character in the two ladies. This was in a great measure owing to the good sense and dignity of character of Mrs. John Campbell, the wife of the younger brother, and in a smaller degree to the easy nature of Mrs. Frederic, who, though weak, frivolous, and vain, was not ill tempered.

Frederic Campbell married a beauty and a belle, and was the father of five children—the oldest of whom was Emily, the daughter whom we have heard alluded to. Mrs. Frederic Campbell, who had preserved her youthful beauty in wonderful freshness, was devoted to society and pleasure. Having been born an "ornamental" herself, her propensities ran singularly in the line of this natural qualification. To dress, to exhibit, to cause a sensation, to be at the topmost round of every fashionable folly and excitement prevailing, were her chief employments. To live without that vague phantom, "the world," which everybody talks about, and no one can define, was, with her, an impossibility. No wonder, then, that she found it necessary to send her daughter to boarding-school. No wonder that she whispered, confidentially, to Nanny Foster, on her return home, that "she had been listening to a string of the greatest nonsense from Mrs. John, upon the subject of education, it was possible to conceive of." Mrs. Frederic was also somewhat extravagant; and, though her husband often thought her so, he could never bear to check his handsome wife.

Emily Campbell was an object of great pride to her mother. She gave promise of rare beauty; and Mrs. Frederic's great aim was to increase, by the aid of education, the attractions of her daughter. Brought up herself in an atmosphere of frivolous excitement, she was incapable of forming any elevated views on this important subject, and, to render Emily the brilliant ornament of a drawing-room, "the observed of all observers," the achiever of the "best match" of the day, were the vague objects that floated in her mind when she marked out her daughter's career.

To conceive, however, is always easier than to accomplish. Emily was a spoiled child, adverse to study, and incapable, from the influences which surrounded her at home, of applying herself. In vain did her mother tell her she should be ashamed to introduce her when she grew up, if she did not become more studious. In vain did she bribe and persuade. While the atmosphere of her father's house was always at fever heat, and her mother set her no example of usefulness and discipline, Emily's natural propensities triumphed, and she was idle, vain, and unambitious. Incapable of carrying out her plans herself, Mrs. Frederic fell upon the expedient of sending Emily to the boarding-school of Madame Foulard, a French lady highly thought of as a teacher. Relieved inexpressibly by the weight of care and responsibility taken from her by this step, she congratulated herself upon her "excellent arrangement," and, in her exultation, endeavored to persuade all her friends who had daughters to educate, to follow her example.

Mrs. John Campbell was, in all respects, a very different woman from her sister-in-law. She was not beautiful, strictly speaking, but so singularly refined and gentle that she impressed you, through the harmony of her appearance, with a sense of beauty. Endowed with a good intellect, and cultivated mind, and regulated feelings, she was that most attractive of all objects of interest, a perfect wife and mother. Unlike Mrs. Frederic, she was fond of retirement and domestic pleasures, and seldom emerged into scenes of gayety. Conscientious to a high degree, she never considered their great wealth an excuse for the neglect of any duty, but, by a strict attention to justice and economy in dispensing their income, she was enabled privately to aid many a benevolent institution, and succor many a suffering family. Her children loved her, her husband reverenced her, and all who knew her respect-

ed her. She was, at the opening of our tale, the mother of three children—a daughter, now about fourteen, and two little boys, mere infants. Elinor was a twin, and it was to the loss of her twin brother, by a painful accident, that Mrs. John Campbell alluded in her conversation with her sister-in-law.

Mrs. Clifton, the lady whose opinion we have heard quoted with so much deference by the two ladies, was nearly connected with the Campbell families by the closest ties of friendship. She was the daughter of an intimate friend of the father of our brothers, and they had known her from infancy. Little, plain, and unattractive, she had, in early life, been thrown chiefly upon the resources of a naturally fine mind for her happiness. When the freshness of youth had passed from her, she became unexpectedly the heiress of a large property. This sudden change in her fortunes produced a magical effect in her position. An orphan, without any very near ties, her life, except for her intimacy with the Campbells, would have been singularly isolated; but with the tide of wealth came troops of friends, and the lonely woman became an object of speculation and interest in quarters where, heretofore, her existence had been unknown. Her good sense and circumspection saved her, for a time, from that saddest of fates—being sought in marriage for her wealth; but she fell a victim at last. At a watering-place, one summer, she met the elegant, refined, and accomplished Henry Clifton. He was in the first years of his widowhood, and had with him an only child, an interesting but neglected little boy of some six or eight years old. Mr. Clifton was needy, indolent, extravagant, and unprincipled; and he deliberately resolved to marry a woman who could furnish him with the means of indulging in his luxurious propensities. His tastes would have led him to prefer youth and beauty; but, as he had heretofore been unsuccessful in all such attempts, he determined to direct his efforts to winning Fanny Grant. He was a thorough man of the world, and held the key to most of the ordinary weaknesses of women. He soon detected Fanny's tenderness of nature, shown in her interest in, and compassion for, his little boy; and the child was the lever by which he worked. He acted his part well; and Fanny soon began to think that she saw clearly before her the path which her destiny called upon her to fill; and, when the little Edward asked her to come home and live with him and be his mamma, and the wily father, with his pale face and serious eye, looked tenderly upon her and echoed his son's prayer, the simple-hearted, affectionate woman, bursting into tears, acknowledged that the consent which he craved, as the only thing which could insure his future happiness, would add also to hers.

They married, and Fanny's dream of happiness was brief. When restraint was no longer expedient, the selfishness of her husband's character became apparent, and his coldness and neglect soon convinced her of the motives for which she had been sought. With her respect, much of the affection which this ardent, though timid and undervalued, woman had lavished upon him fled. She felt, with bitterness, her lot; and she would, no doubt, have sunk under the weight of her sorrows but for the affection of the little Edward, who clung to her with an earnest love scarcely credible in one so young. The poor boy was entirely neglected by his father, and his new mother was the only thing in life he had to lean upon. Mrs. Clifton, with her newly-awakened tenderness thrown rudely back upon her, turned the whole strength of her love upon the little boy. She loved him for the tie of sympathy between them, as well as for the excellence of his nature and his strong regard for her. She was his playfellow, companion, and friend, his faithful and judicious instructress, till long after the period when he should have been intrusted to teachers proper to fit him for a man's career; and the only occasion upon which she ever broke through the meek submissiveness which had characterized her during her married life, was when she expressed her determination that the boy should have a proper education. The indignation, which had never burst forth to redress her own injuries, burned vividly for him, and she gained her point.

Edward, whose reflective mind caused him early to comprehend the true position of his stepmother, and who deeply felt her wrongs, as well as the neglect which his father exhibited towards himself, even as a boy, seemed to consider himself her champion; but, as he approached manhood, and years and experience had added the wisdom of the world to that of the heart, which had heretofore alone guided him, his respect and reverence for his mother deepened, and no tie more beautiful, more touching, could exist than that which united the neglected wife and son.

Meanwhile, Mr. Clifton followed his career of selfishness and sensuality; he lived but to minister to the pleasures of his own languid existence. Two-thirds of his life were spent at his club. Luxurious dinners and costly wines were his daily indulgences. Horses of priceless value filled his stable and ministered to his pleasure on the "turf." To these pursuits the hints of the world added high play as one of the means by which he dissipated his wife's fortune; while the initiated knew that large sums had gone to pay long-standing and harassing debts, contracted before his marriage.

Edward had scarcely reached the age of eighteen when Mr. Clifton's career of shameless extravagance came abruptly to a close. Money, which it had always been difficult to obtain from him, was now refused with oaths and abuse. Duns, whose errands it was in vain to conceal, beset the house, and execution after execution followed in quick succession, till, driven into bankruptcy, they were deprived even of a home, and were compelled to take refuge in a

mean lodging. It would be a vain task to attempt to describe the bitter humiliations through which Mrs. Clifton was dragged by her unprincipled husband during the year of misery that followed. Broken in health, his pride mortified, all his former sources of indulgence cut off, his only means of living derived from the sale of his wife's jewels and valuables, which the consideration of his creditors had enabled her to retain, he continued the same calculating sensualist in penury as he was in prosperity. In the cold selfishness of his nature, he made his wife his victim to the last. She labored early and late at her needle, and he appropriated the proceeds to the indulgence of his palate. She performed the lowest menial offices, and he exacted them as his due. She nursed him with untiring patience during months of declining health, and received only reproaches as her reward. At length, and happily at the time when all her pecuniary resources were exhausted, his end arrived. He died as he had lived—blind, utterly blind; an angel had been in his path beckoning him on, and he knew it not.

This year of misery was the last of Edward's collegiate course. His terms were already paid, and his mother, as well as his kind friends, the Messrs. Campbell, insisted upon his remaining to graduate, opposing his desire to leave college and obtain some employment to assist in supporting the family. Edward, ever docile to the wishes of that kind self-sacrificing friend, yielded to his mother's wishes, relieving her, in the intervals of study, of every burthen which it was possible for him to take from her, and giving her that sweetest of all solace, his earnest sympathy.

In this juncture, the brothers Campbell, whose sympathy for their old friend had never flagged, though they loathed her unhappy husband, came forward to her assistance. Mrs. John Campbell, with that earnest kindness which characterizes a delicate mind, immediately removed the destitute widow to her own house, where she quietly and considerately made every arrangement which would induce her to consider it as her future home. To Edward, the same hospitality was extended, with an offer of a situation in the counting-house of the firm, which would bring in an immediate though small salary. This, though with the promise of their strongest efforts to advance him in life, did not meet Edward's views. Stung and mortified to behold that dear and gentle mother, who had been all in all to him, depending upon the bounty of strangers whom, though old and kind friends, she had no such claim upon, and feeling, with morbid keenness, by whose misdeeds her pitiable situation had been brought about, he would have coined his flesh to place her in the situation from which his father's profligacy had hurled her. We may, therefore, conceive that, with such views, the offer of a salary of a few hundreds a year, with the obligation of waiting the slow progress of events to open the pathway to independence, must, to his ardent feelings, have been wholly inadmissible. To make money rapidly by some unheard-of means, and by unparalleled exertions, was now his sole object. Had the Eldorado, which has since drawn its thousands of eager pilgrims to a golden harvest, then been discovered, Edward would no doubt have found his way to California, there to dig, to accumulate, and to hoard for the object of his dearest love and care; but no such golden vision had, as yet, dawned upon the children of men, and Edward must seek some less captivating plan, some more prosaic method, through the beaten tracks of trade, by which to gather wealth. Unmindful of the tastes and the studies which would have led him to a professional life, as the career to which he was best adapted, he yielded up the visions of his youth without a sigh, and bent all his energies to the schemes which filled his mind.

Edward had but one near relative living, a half-brother of his mother's, living in New Orleans, whom he had never seen. Offended at his sister's marriage with Mr. Clifton, he had refused to have any intercourse with her; a determination which he had carried out fully, the announcement of her death even not having been noticed by him. Edward knew little of his uncle save from report, which described him as an eccentric, fanciful old bachelor, a wealthy and enterprising merchant, benevolent and kind after his own peculiar fashion. Edward determined to write to this uncle and lay before him his situation, and that of his father's widow, and ask for his assistance in pushing his fortune in New Orleans—a place where he believed his energies and will to do would reap the quickest harvest. He wrote, and the letter was a history of his father's second marriage and its results. He dwelt as tenderly as he could upon his father's memory; but, when he spoke of that second mother whom God had blessed him with, described her character, her devotion to him, and told of his love and reverence for her, and of his determination to surround her one day, if life and health were spared to him, with the comforts of life, of which, through her connection with them, she had been deprived, his deep earnestness rendered him eloquent, and no labored picture could have portrayed half so well the manly excellence of character, the high and noble qualities of his heart, as did, unconsciously, his own words in this simple straightforward narrative. To this letter Edward received an immediate reply, which, though it granted all that he had desired, somewhat chilled his ardent feelings. Mr. Fairly acknowledged the relationship, consented to aid his nephew in pushing his fortune, and directed him to set out immediately for New Orleans, enclosing him a check to a large amount for his expenses. But his answer was a dry, short, business letter. There was no reply to the unreserved and heartfelt communications which he had made to his uncle; not a single word